

Messy

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Messy

by [sourweather](#)

Summary

Will likes making a mess out of Han

(Yes this was inspired by that tweet Bryan Fuller posted today about Han precoming a lot what about it)

Notes

I really love making these Twitter thread fics! If you like them maybe consider following me on Twitter under the name sourweather!

Hannibal tries to steady the breaths rushing through his lungs. He tries to quiet the litany of whimpers and gasps attempting to escape by biting hard on his swollen lips. He tries to keep still, to stop his spine from arching off the bed. He tries, he tries, he tries.

Above him, Will laughs. It's a dark, sadistic laugh that makes Hannibal simultaneously flush with shame and shiver with desire. Hannibal groans softly when Will pulls his hand away, his body lurching without his permission to seek out that wicked touch.

It's been *ages* of this- how long exactly, he can't say. Just Will, magnificent and merciless, and Hannibal, debauched and desperate. Will shows him his hand, slowly spreading two of his fingers so that Hannibal is forced to observe the slick mess of precome stretch and break before the digits are brought swiftly to Will's lips. His eyes slip closed as he sucks his fingers, moaning like Hannibal's precome is some divine nectar, and Hannibal bucks his hips.

"Will," he pleads, and if there was any more blood being directed to his brain he would be humiliated by how thoroughly *wrecked* he sounds. Will regards him with lazy, lidded eyes. He's in no rush. He never is when he gets like this. Why would he be, he can come whenever he likes. He already has- the evidence of it is currently drying on the heated, twitching skin of Hannibal's stomach.

Will's fingers leave his mouth with an intentionally noisy pop, and he smirks wickedly. He's awful. He's perfect. He has all of the ferocity and grace of a wild tiger- all rippling muscle under silken fur.

"I'm listening," he says. Hannibal's breath hitches when he reaches down, the tip of one pale finger swiping over the head of Hannibal's cock.

"Please- oh, God. Please let me come, Will. Please."

Will brings the freshly collected bead of precome to his mouth, licking it away like he's sneaking cake frosting. Hannibal's cock throbs, obediently producing more to replace it.

"Is that all?" Will asks. What a horrible, horrible boy.

"Yes," he says through gritted teeth. "Yes, please, Will. I've been good, haven't I?"

He has. Hannibal is usually good for Will. More often than Will is good, undoubtedly. And tonight in particular, he's more than earned it.

Hannibal is ruined. He knows it. Knows that Will is reveling in the mess he's made. He's red in the face, sweat-damp hair sticking to his forehead. Will chose not to tie him down tonight- which on the surface seems kind but is actually unspeakably cruel. Hannibal is still expected to be still, to refrain from touching, but he can't rely on rope or cuffs to make him obey- only his own rapidly failing resolve. The slick leaking insistently from his cock is pooling on his stomach, mixing obscenely with Will's come, dripping between his thighs.

Will should be pleased. No one has ever seen Hannibal like this. No one ever will. It appeals to his possessive nature.

The younger man hums, weighing his options. Will is hard, again, and in the end that seems to be the deciding factor.

Hannibal nearly blacks out when, with no preamble whatsoever, Will lifts himself on his knees and sits on his cock. It's dizzying, going from famine to feast so quickly. One moment, he was begging for even the slightest touch. The next, he's buried to the root in Will. Hot. Tight. Wet.

He moans, the pleasure so intense it's nearly painful. He reaches out and grips Will's hips for dear life, waiting for the world to stop spinning.

Will grabs his hands and pins them forcefully to the bed. "Hands to yourself, remember?"

Hannibal can hardly breathe. "Y-yes Will," he whispers. "I'll remember- f-fuck, *please* Will."

Will laughs again, leaning back and slowly rolling his hips. Hannibal's eyes roll back. He focuses all of his mental energy on not coming immediately, desperate to please his Will.

"God, you're so fucking wet."

Hannibal's face grows impossibly hotter as Will begins to ride in earnest. He's right, of course. The glide of their bodies is perfection, eased by Hannibal's endless desire. Still, it embarrasses him. He can't help it, Will just knows exactly how to toy with him until Hannibal is nothing but a puddle beneath him.

"Will," he hisses after a few torturous minutes. "My love, may I-"

He smiles, that lopsided cocky little smile that Hannibal adores.

"Go ahead, baby. Show me how much you love it."

Hannibal throws his head back at that, sobbing with pleasure when he at last allows his orgasm to crash into him. His ears are ringing with its intensity, but he's aware that the sounds he's making would likely make a pornstar blush. High, needy sounds punctuated by whorish exclamations of Will's name. He fills Will, mewling in carnal satisfaction after being denied for what felt like hours. By the time he comes down there are tears streaming down his face, and with anyone other than Will Graham he would be absolutely mortified.

When he regains his bearings, Will is stroking his own cock, staring down at him with his lower lip between his teeth. A few seconds later the other man is spasming around Hannibal's now oversensitive cock, come landing in nearly the same spot it had before and adding to the bodily filth coating Hannibal's trembling body.

After a minute filled only with heavy, panting breaths, Will laughs. It's a sweeter one, now. Pleased.

"You did so fucking good, Han."

Hannibal answers with a tired smile, too exhausted to speak, and Will wipes gently at his tears.

"You look so pretty like this, you know." His smile turns to a smirk. "I love making a mess out of you."

He leans into Will's touch on his cheek, closing his eyes. Will lightly taps his cheek twice.

"Hey, come on. Don't fall asleep, babe. I need to clean you off first."

Hannibal makes a soft sound of protest, and he doesn't need to open his eyes to know Will is giving him a look of fond indulgence.

"At least let me get you to the bath before you give out on me, yeah? I'll take it from there. You've earned some pampering tonight anyway."

Hannibal nods, allowing Will to guide him to their bathroom for a much-needed soak.

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